

# W O R D S & V i z i o n

UCFV Faculty & Staff Association Newsletter  
Vol. 9 No. 3  
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## FROM THE EDITOR

### Media Effects...

#### Long Way Home

Driving back after a late night Thursday class, I heard on CBC Radio about Trudeau. Despite his age and the discreet announcements of illness that had come earlier that month, it was a shock. I took a slow, meandering route so I could listen to the details, which included one of those pre-packaged obits.

I guess part of my surprise came from thinking of Trudeau as forever young; his energy and dynamism, I mean, conveyed the quality of youth.

And, of course, these days, eighty isn't all *that* old (right? right?). But I also realized, as I drove through the darkness, that I hadn't actually thought much about him over the last decade or so. Although he had been an important figure in the landscape of my youth, there was a kind of pall on my memory of him as Canada's PM for sixteen years, a shrinking from that initial buoyant jolt of Trudeaumania to the oddly negative endgame of his departure from the national political scene.

To me, he seems to have done more shaping of Canadian identity than any other politician. But critics say he was really a lousy PM, that his goals and programs were unrealistic and that he put the country into irremediable debt — that he had failed us. And, of course, he had always been a bit of a mystery, a paradox: arrogant intellectual, benign educator, adventurer, authoritarian, laid-back 60s survivor, mystic, magus, lover of famous women, Catholic husband and father, seeker after Eastern wisdom, playboy of the Western World, proud Québécois, and also enthusiastic internationalist.

Hence my amazement to see on t.v., over the week of funeral obsequies, that great outpouring of grief and love towards this ambivalent figure in Canadian consciousness. What is the appeal? Especially here at the Western end of things, where we have never feel much *sympatico* towards PMs, in general, and French Canadian ones

in particular? The monumental national mourning seemed so un-Canadian, i.e., so personal and emotional.

Could it be that we, as a nation I mean, feel guilty about Trudeau? That it's not so much that he failed us, as that we let *him* down, by not living up to his vision of us as a unique, vitally multifarious society? Or put it another way: perhaps, in his own flamboyant diversity, he embodied all our dominant national contradictions and thereby, if only on a mythic or unconscious level, has somehow made us feel the possibility of wholeness—or at least made us seem, for the first time, potentially comprehensible to ourselves. Certainly, the legacy of PET provides ironic background to current media coverage of vapid, vain, and very un-visionary 'leaders'.

### The Pornofication of Learning

On the more life-affirming side, there's always entertainment. Part of my brutal mandate as a CMNS instructor commits me, every once in while, to sitting back with a glass

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of wine and some toasted walnuts (optional) while checking out the latest tv offerings. No, of course I don't enjoy it; it's just part of a dirty job that someone has to do.

In terms of the specialty cable channels, I've learned to foray carefully. The therapist says my obsession with Mag Ruffman's home show, *A Repair to Remember*, not to mention my generalized addiction to WTN and its gender-specific programming, is pretty much under control now (with the meds) — but I still need to be careful. So, the other night, I started ranging further afield, checking out so-called 'learning' channels, i.e., Discovery and History.

Imagine my horror, flipping to a Discovery documentary on human sexuality and finding a decidedly new kind of learning curve. In a report on recent scientific imaging of sexuality activity, there were more full-frontal genitals than you could shake, well, a bag of walnuts at, thanks to very attractive very naked actors simulating sex in provocative cut-aways and insertions (so to speak), all amid 'scientific' footage of heat-sensing images of actual penetrative activity. Did I mention the low throbbing soundtrack and lovely young hostess coyly giving a blow-by-blow description?

A tad unnerved, I flip to History: Apparently a documentary on the Legendary King Arthur of the Round Table. But really a schlockumentary, with loads of sword n' sorcery type effects, slo-mo graphic close-ups on gobbets of battle gore and assorted murderous hacking. In fact, much of the footage is devoted to tracing battle outcomes and the imagery of incidental 'mediaeval' mayhem. I notice, too, while scanning for some alternatives, that much of the History line-up is documentary and movie WWII and other war material. Many hours are devoted to so-called 'history on film', including, of course, significant graphic violence.

Sex and Violence: there it is, and you, gentle — not jaded — reader, can probably guess where all this is leading. A new study by the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation found

what it calls 'sexual messages' in 56% of all entertainment television programs. In prime time, that number jumps to 65%.

Can we, in Education, afford to lag behind? As mentioned last issue, I've got the Violence covered with my Vile Alien teaching persona. Vis the other challenge, you can bet I'm working on some new multi-media curriculum. It's all about human Communications, very 'human', with lots of throbbing nudity, pulsating soundtrack, murly whirly fleshtones, maybe even a few walnuts thrown in, etc.

Bada bing

Then everyone started yattering about *The Sopranos*, so I checked that out, too. Turns out this is a post-romantic mobster saga in which the Godfather's gone gaga. Our hero is a slobby fatso living in a dysfunctional Mafia family, deep in therapy and in denial at the same time, targeted for 'waste removal' by his own mother (!), and, while a kind of likable roly-poly loser most of the time, just happens to also be an occasional but highly professional killer. In other words, a character with whom educators will readily identify, right?

Still I wondered: why do all my friends love this show so *much*? But the thing is, Tony Soprano is living a familiar double life: At first look, he seems a successful and apparently powerful member of a professional clique, an important member of the community. In fact, he takes his role as an upholder of moral values for the middle class realm at large quite seriously.

But Tony is nevertheless despised by his neighbours, family, and world-at-large as a loser, because, after all, it is rather disgusting to get down and dirty in any profession, especially one that is crucial to the on-goingness of the society, like Waste Management... or Education. In other words, he's undervalued, unappreciated, and underpaid while working his wiseguy heart out. Sound familiar?

Bada boom

In this issue, along with the latest/greatest FSA stuff, we have our own UCFV 'family' saga, a searing exposé of this joint's *true* history — plus my own horror story vis a chief danger in academia, trial by semantic sauté (warning: contains vleeps, graphic walnuts, violence). Everything you ever wanted to know about the evolution of our cherished home-away-from — and what you *really* crave! So read on through the winter solstice, enjoy the festive puzzle, safe and cozy by the fire (or so you may think), and, one day, maybe I ask *you* for a favour...

-Ryszard Dubanski



## TO THE EDITOR

Thank you for your memo on Bargaining 2001. Among other things, it prompted this quick can of worms to open, re tuition for dependents:

- Dependents like 'children'?
- Dependents like 'sister'?
- Dependents like 'spouse', unemployed or otherwise?
- Economic dependents regardless of relationship, title, or lack of mainstream definitions?
- Dependents who live with you, even though you are economically assisting them?
- Dependents like 'niece', 'nephew', or 'step-child'?
- Dependents of heterosexuals only?

In other words, what will the definitions be that we use in this category?

-John Jenkins

(Ed.: *tasty wrigglers indeed...*)



Sept.28/00

To the Editor: *Chilliwack Times*  
45951 Trethewey Ave  
Chilliwack, BC

In the 'Our View' column of your September 12 issue, you stated that of the \$2.7 million in additional funds University College of the Fraser Valley (UCFV) received last spring, "more than \$1.5 million was gobbled up by Faculty wage increases." And, in the 'Classroom crunch' column of the same issue, you noted Bob Warick, UCFV's Director of Community Relations and Development, as saying "....more than \$1.5 million went to meet the two-per-cent wage increase for Faculty and towards other contractual obligations." These statements are misleading.

"Other contractual obligations," in fact, ate up most of the \$1.5 million. The 2% wage increase cost approximately \$500,000, and was shared by over 750 Faculty, Staff, and administrators. This small increase followed 0% in 1999, 0% in 1998, and 1.8% in 1997. BC's University-College and College instructors have not received a wage increase that covered the cost of living since the very early 1990s.

Our Faculty members are on a 13 step wage scale that begins at \$46,000/yr and tops at \$65,000/yr. Many instructors start as sessional or part-time employees, making less than \$20,000/yr. They must augment their incomes by taking jobs outside teaching, or work at two or three institutions at the same time to make a living. It may take years to receive a permanent position, and it then takes 11 or 12 additional years to reach the top of scale. Most instructors are well into their 40s before they get there. Our top of scale Faculty — most with PhDs — make less than some BC school district teachers and less than many tradespeople. Many University-College and College instructors have the same level of education as University Professors, yet make far less. Ontario and Alberta College instructors make seven to fourteen percent more than our instructors.

Recruitment and retention are becoming a serious problem in BC post-secondary. Because our wages are so low, we cannot compete with other provinces. In some disciplines, instructors can earn twice as much in the U.S. Every year BC loses good instructors to Alberta, Ontario, the U.S., and the private sector.

The UCFV Faculty and Staff Association, along with the other University-College and College locals in BC, is preparing to go to the bargaining table this December. To guarantee quality post-secondary education, BC must pay its University-College and College instructors a fair competitive wage.

Sincerely,  
Beverly Lowen,  
FSA President

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Other than gearing up for the negotiation of our next contract, things have been pretty quiet on the FSA Executive front....

### Local vs Provincial bargaining results

More than 140 attended the November 1<sup>st</sup> EGM on 'Local vs. Provincial' bargaining. Although the Executive recommended local bargaining to the membership, we attempted to present equitable arguments for both tables so members could make as informed a decision as possible. As reported by e-mail on November 9<sup>th</sup>, the membership voted 248 to 40 to bargain locally. As of this date, UCFV, Okanagan, and Langara have opted out of the provincial table, and Kwantlen, Malaspina, and Capilano have opted in. The other locals have yet to vote on the issue, but according to CIEA's President's Council, recently attended by Martin Silverstein, it is highly probable they will all vote in favour of provincial bargaining.

Contract Chair Ian McAskill hopes to get our negotiations underway as soon as possible. We will keep you informed — by e-mail,

bulletins, and our FSA website — on how our local negotiations are progressing, and on what is happening at the provincial table.

### CE Update

Following the intense reaction to the CE lay-offs and subsequent bumping, the situation has settled down. UCFV Administration has been working closely with CE in an effort to keep them informed and up to date on their financial situation. CE is currently under a mandate review involving input from other departments, Management, and the community. The review is meant to establish CE programs that would be financially viable while at the same time responsive to the needs of the community.

### Friesen House Renovations

The news of renovations at Friesen House has not been well received by the FSA membership, nor the Executive. The original renovation estimate of \$70,000 has now increased to over \$100,000. We understand that the monies are capital funds and not coming out of the UCFV operating budget, but in light of the recent lay-offs in Continuing Education, and inadequate budgets all over UCFV, we believe the renovations to be poorly timed. UCFV does have other capital needs that relate directly to instruction and students: e.g., there are computer labs that are in dire need of upgrading, as they are still equipped with 386s; some science labs and the Kinesiology lab need upgrading; the students at the Hope campus need help constructing an outdoor shelter; and a lot of corners had to be cut in the planning of the Abbotsford Student Activities Centre to meet their limited budget. An extra \$100,000 would have gone a long way to addressing these shortages. The Friesen House renovations were discussed at our last meeting and I was directed by the Executive to express its disapproval of the expenditure to the UCFV Board. I did so at the November 1<sup>st</sup> Board meeting. Phyllis Stenson, Board Chair,



explained that Friesen House was in such a state of disrepair that it either had to be renovated or torn down.

#### CAUT Members — well kind of

At last June's CIEA AGM, the assembly voted to join CAUT, the Canadian Association of University Teachers. CIEA's CAUT membership dues are about \$36,000/year. The FSA Executive assumed, and, of course, one should never assume, that because we are CIEA members we are also CAUT members — but we were wrong. Through CIEA we are associate members, and do not have the same privileges full members have. We discovered this when Ian McAskill and Ron Laye were trying to access the CAUT website to get info on benefits. It turns out that we can only access some pages; others are considered classified, and can only be accessed by CIEA Staff reps. We found this kind of frustrating and annoying. However, it is not a CIEA policy, but a CAUT policy. Guess they don't just want any old associate messing around in their web! I want to report, though, that our CIEA Staff rep, Linda Sperling, has been very helpful in obtaining the information that Ron wanted.

#### Committee Appointments

Kevin Busswood was recently appointed the FSA Executive representative to the President's Task Force on Research, Technology, and Innovation, and Ken Fernstrom and Craig Chamberlin are the new FSA reps on the Evaluation Subcommittee. Thanks Kevin, Ken, and Craig — may your meetings be brief yet fruitful!

Every year, through CIEA, the FSA is invited to send two delegates to the BC Federation of Labour Convention. I've been several times and always found it educational to get a glimpse into the issues other BC Unions are grappling with. Each time I've come away with the feeling that we have far more similarities than differences with them. This year our delegates are Martin Silverstein and Heidi Tvete. Thanks guys, have a stimulating time!

The FSA needs representatives to sit on the Contract Training and Marketing Committee, and the CIEA Education Policy Committee. CTM, a joint committee of university-college and college employers and union Faculty reps, was established at the Provincial Table during the last round of bargaining. It was created so there would be a mechanism for applying to government grants that up until that time had been going to the private sector. The committee's mandate is to ensure that bargaining unit Faculty get the work resulting from these grants. Gloria Wolfson has been our rep 'til now but she would like to step down.

As far as I know the FSA has never had a rep on the Education Policy Committee, and we are one of the few locals which doesn't. I don't know a lot about this committee other than it advises CIEA's Presidents Council on educational policy issues.

If anyone is interested in sitting on either of these committees please contact the Abbotsford FSA office.

#### Letters of Agreement

Finally, and I can't emphasize the 'finally' part enough, we have a Letter of Agreement on the Department Head job description and the Collective Agreement article referring to it. The letter should be circulated by the time this goes to print. If your department does not have a copy please contact Employee Relations. We also have an agreement on up-dated Staff evaluation Collective Agreement language, which basically states that Staff will be evaluated every two years after completion of their probationary period, and that it is up to UCFV to ensure that the evaluations are carried out.

#### Announcements

As per the recent provincial cabinet shuffle, Cathy McGregor is the new Minister of Advanced Education, Training, and Technology, and the Minister Responsible for Youth (my, Cabinet

Ministers come and go so quickly here). Our previous Minister of Advanced Ed, etc., Graeme Bowbrick, was appointed Attorney General.

The Canadian Labour Congress is offering its Pacific Region Winter School at the Harrison Hot Springs Resort again this year. Forty-seven Labour Studies courses are offered between January 21 and February 16. If you are interested please contact the Abbotsford FSA office.

-Bev Lowen



## STAFF GRIEVANCE REPORT

### Shop Steward System

We have a new shop steward, David Maroun, joining the team this year. David has worked for UCFV off and on since 1982. He started teaching Physics, Mathematics, and Computing. He now teaches Computing Training for Continuing Education. David also does occasional volunteer work for charitable organizations. If anyone is interested in contacting a shop steward please refer to the list of names and numbers below.

#### Staff

- Margaret Brackett 4217
- Ellen Dixon 4264
- Collen Olund 4524
- Doug Rasmussen 4477
- Karmjit Sidu 4477

#### Faculty

- Tim Lynch 4387
- Curtis Magnusson 4640
- David Maroun 792-4071
- David Riel 850-8672 x 157
- Norm Taylor 4225



## Grievances

This past month I sat in on an SAC at the request of candidate X. The purpose of me being there was to observe the process and to ensure that the Collective Agreement was adhered to. The SAC conducted the interviews according to the procedures and unanimously recommended candidate Y for the position. Candidate X disagreed with the SAC's decision and wanted to grieve UCFV for not recommending her to the position.

Candidate X and I attended an informal meeting with the chair of the SAC and a representative from Employee Relations. The purpose of the meeting was to clarify a few issues, to give candidate X the opportunity to ask questions, and to hear how the SAC reached the decision. Based on the information that was obtained and my observations from sitting in on the SAC as an observer, I did not see any violation of the Collective Agreement nor any grounds for a grievance.

In situations like this, I always like to get a second opinion to ensure that the member is being properly represented and that there isn't something that may have been missed. The situation was discussed with another executive member who has had previous grievance experience. This executive member came to the conclusion that I had and felt that there were not any grounds for a grievance. We both felt that the SAC had done its job according to the SAC procedures and that the Collective Agreement had not been violated. At this point the grievance was dropped at the informal stage.

### How to Reach Me

I will be working in Abbotsford on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays in B375 and can be reached at local 4341. I will be in Chilliwack on Tuesdays and can be reached at 2498. If you have any questions or concerns please feel free to contact me.

-Heidi Tvete



## JPDC REPORT

As co-chair of the Joint Professional Development Committee, I've been involved in a number of activities over the past few months, and I want to bring the membership up to date.

### Chautauqua 2000: Integrating Teaching and Scholarship at UCFV

This speakers' series is currently underway, co-sponsored by JPDC and the Learning Commons Group. The idea for this series came about during the British Columbia University College Research Conference, which I attended back in May. Fiona McQuarrie from UCFV's Department of Business Administration, and Greg Anderson from our Department of Kinesiology and Physical Education co-presented in a session on Faculty research and scholarly activity. Each presented the respective research they'd been involved in while teaching at UCFV, and then went on to discuss the frustrations and supports they had found while engaged in their projects. The presentations were dynamic and fascinating, and it occurred to me that I had very little idea of the scholarly activities my colleagues were engaged in outside of the classroom. I remembered that Bonnie Huskins, back in the days when she was JPDC co-chair, had organized a brown-bag lunch speakers' series where Faculty presented their research to their UCFV colleagues, and it occurred to me that the time was right to try something like this again.

Fiona and Greg were willing to repeat their conference presentations for a UCFV audience, and have done so at the first two Chautauqua events. If you were unable to attend these, video recordings are available from the Circulation desks at both

the Abbotsford and Chilliwack Library. You may sign these tapes out for one week — and remember that, if you keep them longer than seven days, you'll be paying \$1.00 per day in overdue fines!

Jack Gaston will be our third presenter. Plan to attend his presentation on *Researching the Victorians: Learning to Teach History*, on Wednesday November 15<sup>th</sup>, at 12:15 pm in room A232 on the Abbotsford campus. Lunch will be provided.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, December 12<sup>th</sup>, Chautauqua 2000 will wind up with an open discussion on the issues surrounding support for scholarship at UCFV. There will be displays of Faculty research, refreshments, and an opportunity to bring your comments and concerns to the attention of members of the President's Task Force on Research, Innovation, Technology, Teaching and Learning (RITTTL). Mark that date on your calendar, and watch for further information.

### More on the RITTTL

Skip Bassford's Task Force is composed of Skip (chair), Noham Weinberg and D'Anne Epp (Faculty of Science, Health and Human Services), Patrick O'Brien and Cyrus Chaichian (Faculty of Community Access, Business and Information Technology), Martha Dow and Sandy Vanderburgh (Faculty of Arts and Applied Arts), Fay Hyndman and Kim Isaac (Learning Commons Group), Duncan Jeffries (Co-op Ed/Technology and Innovation), George McGuire (winner of the first UCFV Teaching Excellence Award), and Kevin Busswood (FSA). As of this writing in late October, we have met twice, and I believe it is fair to say that we are struggling with a broad mandate and trying to determine a process that will allow for broad discussion amongst the UCFV community. We haven't made much headway, as of yet.



Although Kevin Busswood is the formal FSA rep and I officially represent the Learning Commons Group, I'm pleased to be there in my capacity of JPDC co-chair as well, as JPDC has traditionally been the body through which UCFV has supported educational leaves and scholarly activity. No doubt recommendations from this Task Force will have significant implications for JPDC.

#### LAMM Evaluation Subcommittee

You may recall that last year, the LAMM Evaluation Subcommittee sent around a report with its recommendations for a new model of instructional Faculty evaluation at UCFV. This report was generally well received by the UCFV community, and so the subcommittee felt that it could continue to develop the model and look at specific evaluation procedures and instruments. (If you would like to receive a copy of this document, just e-mail me at isaac@ucfv.bc.ca and I'll send it on to you.)

Unfortunately, the Subcommittee, which consisted of Wayne Welsh and Barry Bompas representing Management, and David Morosan and me representing the FSA, were unable to meet through the spring, so not much has happened since the report. David has taken on new responsibilities as head of the Psychology Department, and so is unable to continue as a member of the Subcommittee. The FSA put out a call for volunteers, and as a result Craig Chamberlin and Ken Fernstrom will be joining me as FSA representatives. Wayne and Barry will continue to represent Management. We hope to resume meetings again soon, and will no doubt be asking for the input of instructional Faculty as we work out the specifics of the new system. I'll keep you posted.

#### Educational Leave and Scholarly Activity Applications

The deadline for Educational Leave and Scholarly Activity applications was Monday, October 16<sup>th</sup>. Two subcommittees of JPDC

have been struck to review these and make decisions. The Educational Leave Subcommittee consists of Barry Bompas and me as JPDC co-chairs, along with Dave Allen (English), Ron Laye (Psychology), Kathy Perrault (ESL), Elizabeth Asner (Social, Cultural and Media Studies), and Karen Power (Trades, and Chair of PD Allocations). The Scholarly Activity Subcommittee is composed of Jane Dean (Applied Business Technology), Dave Allen (English), Ron Laye (Psychology), Roger Moren (Trades), Kathy Perrault (ESL) as well as Barry Bompas and me.

We will be reviewing applications and meeting over the next month, and expect that applicants will know the results of their submissions by the beginning of exams in December. If you have any questions or concerns, please contact Barry Bompas (4508) or me (4696).

-Kim Isaac



## HUMAN RIGHTS REPORT

Oh, it's a long, long way from May to September and recollections grew dim as I reached October. However, the 23<sup>rd</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup> of May, in Vancouver I felt that old familiar call for awakening, attention, and resistance. The occasion was a conference, *Public Education: Not for Sale*, presented by the Coalition for Public Education; it was mounted as a counter conference to the *World Education Market*, a name I believe speaks clearly. I felt bolstered being in the company of so many people dedicated to resisting the pressure to see education primarily in terms of business opportunities. Speakers came mostly from Canada and the US, including presentations by students. Following are just a few of the warnings that were sounded.

Our public education institutions are threatened from

several directions. First, the institutions are weakened by a gradual withdrawal of public funding while demands for education increase. Second, in the last fifteen years corporations have identified education as an incredible opportunity both for marketing products and for getting into the business of education-directing research, designing and marketing curriculum that reflects corporate rather than broad-based social values. Moreover, as some citizens of means opt for private institutions for their offspring and insist that those private institutions get public funding, the democratic vision of public education is further eroded.

When a corporate agenda insinuates itself into education, subtle shifts take place. Education moves away from building communities, protecting academic freedom, enlarging public space. Instead, individualism is nurtured, but in the most narrow sense of the individual as consumer. Communities of consumers — GAP kids and Coke drinkers — are offered as images of community to mask the true isolation that haunts individuals in a society whose central value is consuming.

And what of UCFV? A quick tour around the campus reveals more Coke art than folk art. Corporate names like Seanix and Bank of Montreal are highly visible. As a community of teaching and learning, we need to inquire about the policy that underlies relationships with corporations. What messages do we send to students? How accessible is information about corporate contracts and partnerships? There are many, many questions to be answered.

Then it was October; time to trek off to Vancouver for the semi-annual meetings of Human Rights reps for CIEA. You might think I forgot which committee I report to. Along with the Status of Women Committee I was off to Vancouver, determined to attend the wrap-up rally for the Women's



March 2000 at noon on the Art Gallery stairs. Fortunately, the HR committee agreed so we all attended. It was truly rejuvenating to take a little action and show solidarity with women all over the world.

And then it was back to business. Our round robin reports, as usual, reflected a range of actions and concerns:

- the Kwantlen rep was concerned about a new policy regarding employment equity and how it meshes with BC Human Rights policy
- OUC has developed a harassment policy that does not conform to their contract language
- NIC sponsored a forum on diversity and anti-racism
- The Human Rights office at Camosun put on a discrimination prevention workshop emphasizing illegal behaviours, not political correctness
- Malaspina — the HR advisor is working on harassment on prohibited grounds and on the more difficult issue of personal harassment
- NWCC — activities concentrated on helping an immigrant family threatened with deportation to remain in Canada because of health issues

The HR committee has been asked by CIEA President's Council to expand its mandate, thus becoming a solidarity committee. This suggestion arises out of the council's feeling that CIEA should be looking outward beyond our borders to join with educators in other nations.

The decision of the HR committee was to embrace this suggestion tentatively, perhaps undertaking one project or cause reflected in activities on each campus. Our new chair will be surveying and presenting us with possible choices.

We have also been asked to change our meeting structure to accommodate multi-tasking. Our next meeting (February) will comprise a committee meeting and a pd opportunity which is open to all CIEA members. One task was to come up with workshop suggestions:

- 1) Federal law, college policies and the labor code
- 2) cross-cultural training with an aboriginal focus
- 3) impact of corporate involvement in post-secondary education, e.g. academic freedom
- 4) the role of technology-access to education, ethical questions
- 5) aboriginal rights as human rights in BC
- 6) personal harassment
- 7) employment equity — what does it mean and how do we do it

Since the portion of our meeting designated for sharing and planning has been significantly reduced, we decided to do our initial reports via e-mail. The CIEA office will set up a list to facilitate this. Thus, when we gather on Friday evening we can move right into planning, which, of course, will involve crafting and drafting motions for the AGM.

-Ellen Dixon



## A HEGELIAN ANALYSIS of Climate Moderation in Collective Bargaining at UCFV

Richard D. has been bugging me to write a reminiscence of days past at Fraser Valley College. Well, here it is but I fear that it's probably more a paean to an old and departed friend. The story wanders, but once told, you'll appreciate the why of it.

It is 1978 and I have been at the College for two years. UCFV is still FVC and we are the proud occupants of the barn-like building on Marshall Road. We do not have offices, we have cubicles, assigned randomly without reference to department or personality. Sociologists abide cheek by jowl with Business, Physics, and Office Careers. Following the dictates of our species we attempt to personalize these door-less closets with colourful prints, hangings, beads, posters, etc. Colin Ridgewell wins the prize for both the quantity and quality of decoration. He transforms his space, which today would be suitable only for brooms and buckets, into a combination shrine and museum, replete with photos of his Latin American trips and objects reflecting his taste in art and his longing to be in an office having a window with a view of something. Blake Wight's office alternatively gives away nothing. The man lives entirely within himself. No objects, no prints, no clues. Passing by his uncurtained 'door' one is likely to see him sitting quietly at his desk waiting to be activated for class or consultation. Is he meditating, dreaming — or merely trying to tune out the raucous babble from adjacent social scientists? I offer these brief descriptions as some evidence of the early cultural diversity at FVC. At any rate, there were few secrets in these quarters. Student problems, phone calls, and Faculty affairs were audible to all. Blake's silence was probably a good strategy.

Memories fade, but I think 1978 marks the beginning of my long career with the FSA. I was Contract Chair, about to negotiate the second, I think, Collective Agreement. With fresh memories of ten section loads and with salaries that placed us only within laughing distance of our colleagues at other colleges, there was much to win. Across the table during these negotiations were Brian Hambly from the Board and Erling Close for the Administration. There were others but memory reduces them to faceless bodies (sorry). CIEA is but a gleam in Ed Lavalley's eye; the CFF (Colleges Faculty Federation) was our provincial body,



lumbering along with a muddled sense of purpose, eschewing trade union rhetoric for a more 'positive' (read ineffective) tone.

We wander now to the home front — Having been mostly a graduate student for the better part of the 70s, I was accustomed to cheap rental accommodation, filled with bricks and boards and furniture garnered from parents and second hand stores. In 1978, my then wife, Cheryl, pregnant as a result of over a year amid the fertile plains of the Fraser Valley, and I moved to Yarrow, into our first owned home, a dilapidated farm house on Yarrow Central Road. It had no crawl space and dry rot had consumed most of the floor joists, a fact we discovered on moving day when a two wheeler bearing a filing cabinet mounts the front sill only to crash through the floor to the dirt beneath. Welcome to the flood plain; welcome to home ownership. The rot is nothing that an additional \$10,000 loan couldn't fix and so we took up residence to happily await the birth of Erin.

1978 was a cold winter with considerable snow. All reasonable creatures sought shelter. One or two such creatures discovered the shallow space beneath our recently renewed floor. I became aware of them thanks to research conducted by the other member of the family — Hegel, a dog of indeterminate breed, acquired from the pound in Aldergrove and magnificently undisciplined. Hegel was a gift, from ourselves to ourselves, city folk struggling for a country identity. Hegel was country. I say it plainly: Hegel liked to kill things, although in his defense, he loved the chase more than the kill. He was especially fond of chickens, ducks, small goats, snakes — anything that would flee, bleat, hiss, or generally give him a good time. To his credit, Hegel had been dealing rather well with a rat problem that we discovered to be a feature of life on what once had been Sumas Lake. The intensity of Hegel's attentions to our 'under house' led me to believe that a new family of rats had moved in and I exhorted him to "get'em boy, dig'em out."

Alas, they were not rats. I was pleased to add to my scant store of animal knowledge the fact that skunks do not necessarily prefer wild accommodation. Skunks, like cats, like to be dry and warm. No better accommodations could be found than an old farmhouse with scant inches of space beneath a warm floor. We discovered that our guests were skunks on the day that Hegel intercepted Dad skunk upon his return from nocturnal ramblings. Their mutual greetings left us gasping with the stench. Hegel was sprayed within yards of the back door. Papa skunk retreated beneath the house. Hegel thought he would like to come into the kitchen. Five large cans of tomato juice later, Hegel was bedded down in the garden shed while Cheryl and I had a conference about our basement tenants.

Naïve home owners perhaps, but we were good social scientists. Here was a problem that could be solved with research and the implementation of a carefully reasoned solution. Our deliberations were given some pace by the lingering smell of Hegel's encounter with Dad skunk. Apparently skunks aren't particularly offended by their own smell. They showed no inclination to abandon their den. Indeed, they showed great willingness to use their weapon whenever necessary, a fact that Hegel was slow to appreciate. The smell lingered with greater emphasis after two more encounters, although none a direct hit. Hegel might have been dumb, but he was fast. What he failed to appreciate was the inability of the house and its occupants to move out of the line of fire.

Our search for a solution was interrupted by the birth of Erin. Cheryl and Erin returned home on Christmas to a smelly but warm house. A week or two went by without further encounters between Hegel and the skunks. Alas, the cease-fire did not last. Once again Hegel took the opportunity to harass the skunk family as they returned to their den. The house was redolent. Cheryl and the baby retreated to the home of Scott Fast and his then wife, Mary Ellen, the obstetrical nurse

who had presided at Erin's birth. I was left with Hegel to deal once and for all with the skunks.

Plan one — turn off all the heat, thereby minimizing the smell and making the habitat less attractive for the skunk family (and considerably less comfortable for *moi*). Plan two — rent a skunk trap. Trap the Dad, we were told, and the rest of the family will have to leave, apparently unable to pay the rent.

Here I must digress a little, for the story of the trap is central to this tale. BC Pest Control had just what I needed. Colin Ridgewell had been fighting his own battle with 'critters' in the home he built in Bedwell Bay. He had become a client if not a shareholder of BC Pest Control. I visited their office and was told that they had just the trap that I needed. It seemed small to me. My visual impression of the skunk family was that they were the size of small cattle with teeth, tails and stripes of magnificent proportions. Not so, claimed BC Pest Control. This was just my fevered imagination at work. No, what I was faced with was a 'Civet Cat,' a smaller member of the skunk family. The true skunk was not to be found in Yarrow I was told. Many years of undergraduate and graduate work had rendered me unable to argue with true scientific authority, so I took the small trap home, baited it with peanut butter and set it at the Skunk family's front door after I was sure that they had departed for their evening rambles. There was some additional work. I carefully sealed, as best I could, any other points of ingress and egress, leaving only one entrance, now covered with an attractive steel mesh entrance hallway and snack bar.

Time to wait — I bundled up (still no heat in the house); the outside and inside temperature hovered about freezing. The air was crisp and still; I remember the halos around the streetlights as darkness deepened. Around midnight I took a stool at the window immediately above the carefully positioned civet-cat trap. This placed me approximately three linear feet above the device. Hegel, my loyal



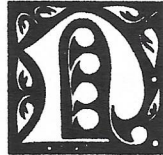
companion sat beside me, the steam from our combined panting crystallized in the night air and collected on the window, necessitating the occasional swipe. There we sat, comfortable with the silence as old friends often are. I must have dozed for I jerked awake as I felt my companion stiffen. It was two in the morning. Ambling confidently across the lawn came Dad skunk, excuse me, Civet Cat. We held our breath; I place my hand around Hegel's muzzle and hugged him close to me. Memory stretches the moments that followed, but they surely must have passed in an instant. Dad reaches the newly installed entrance, apparently sniffs the peanut butter and starts in. Oh sweet Jesus, his great black striped ass is no more going to fit into the trap than I am going to sprout wings and fly away. This must be the largest civet cat ever, or, my God, could he in fact be... a skunk? He becomes jammed in the trap, but only up to what might be called his shoulders.

Another digression — the key to the live skunk trap is the 'theory' that once enclosed in the tubular frame of the trap, the skunk, unable to lift his tail, will be unable to spray, thus rendering him harmless and available for transport.

Back to the action — Dad is not confined by the trap so much as enraged by it. His tail is unencumbered, free to rise or move in any direction he desires. I am still able, 22 years later, to treat this memory as a series of still photographs or slow motion film. I see myself throwing open the window, apparently to secure a better view. I lean out; I look behind and to my right, at Hegel; I see the strange, wild, joyful gleam in his eye as he crouches to spring, certain that his enemy is well and truly immobilized; I hear myself utter a long, formless cry as my mind anticipates only now what any fool might have foreseen. I see Hegel launch himself out the window and I swear that I can hear the kissing noise as Dad skunk greets his old dance partner.

Many of you think that you know what a skunk smells like. Trust

me, you do not. The smell left after a skunk has been run over, or has sprayed in the vicinity, is a vast distance away from the sensations that accompany being sprayed. As if the fires of hell had suddenly consumed me I became aware of what I can only describe as heat — the odour came later, overcoming all senses, leaving me enveloped in an all consuming smell and taste.



Hegel's leap onto the skunk and the trap freed Dad skunk, who scampered away, pissed off, I'm sure, but otherwise uninjured. Hegel, I remember, turned his head and shoulders ninety degrees clockwise, and, propelled by his back legs, attempted to scrape his head off on the lawn, whimpering, drooling, eyes swollen shut.

I won't bore you with all the details. Suffice to say that I phoned Cheryl and indicated that she might want to stay with the Fastos for a few more days. I delivered Hegel to the vet for 'detailing' and I spent a day or two in the bathroom bathing myself in tomato juice and washing and rewashing my clothes.

Back to the College. It's three days later and negotiations are scheduled. I dutifully turn up but find my team strangely unwilling to spend any time planning the approaching session. We go in 'cold', so to speak. Despite having an ambitious agenda, the Board Chair informs me that the package looks quite reasonable and that he will have the administration look it over and get back to me in a week or so with some implementation ideas. Well, who said negotiating was difficult. Ten days later, we met again and found that while everyone was happy to spend more time with me, the general tone was to get the thing done. And so we did.

I'd like to think that Hegel and his nemesis were in some ways responsible for setting a new and collegial tone for collective

bargaining at the College; however, the official history provides no glimpse of his role. I guess it's up to me to amend the record.

Both Hegel and I survived the skunks, although the story did not end with the early morning encounter. Hegel's attack and the skunk's escape had dislodged the trap, enabling the skunk to return home later on. Having told BC Pest Control what I thought of their civet cat control strategy, I resorted to chemical warfare. I had been told that skunks cannot stand the smell of mothballs. Thinking large, I purchased 100lbs. of naphthalene and spread a thick trail around the circumference of the house. It worked! The skunks retired to the tool shed and I spent an evening in the emergency ward of Chilliwack General, not having been *au courant* with the toxic effects of ingesting too much naphthalene. As with imminent execution, it clears the head wonderfully.

I live now at Cultus Lake. My drive to the College takes me through Yarrow, past the old house. I still think that I can smell a whiff of skunk overlaid with a trace of mothballs, but maybe it's my imagination. I do know that negotiations have never gone so smoothly as they did in 1978.

-Kevin Busswood



Blue Pencil Blues — or,  
You May Already Be a Weiner!

*Ryszard Dubanski is a prize-winning writer...*

So you can relax now, knowing you're in safe hands. We've all seen phrases like the one above (often set in similarly *faux*-modest italics), lists of credits and awards decorating the start or end of stories, poems, articles, and other 'cultural product.' The tone of reassurance always reminds me of Steve Martin in his



early stand-up, fake arrow through his head, smarmily telling the audience that they don't need to worry because he's a *professional* entertainer.



And it's true, it's all so soothing, delivering yourself over to the professional clown, the prize-winning pen-pusher. Until, that is, *you* get down, get dirty, get — well, blue-pencilled yourself. We in academia know too well its cruel caress, the beloved implement of the editor. Though not always literally blue, its vigorous, well-nigh priapic activity often has a bruiseful, azure impact on the recipient of its editorial attentions. Once it gets a'going, all the lines, not just the blue ones, can begin to blur, and the definition of 'writer' (never mind 'prize-winning') can get downright fuzzy.

Long ago, when Steve used his oiliest voice to tell audience members they were receiving top-hole amusement for their R&R dollar, you knew he was joking around, making fun of the notion that folks don't really know if they're having a good time — whether they're really getting it, whatever 'it' is. But when you read that RD (just e.g.) is "a prize-winning writer," you tend (at least, I used to tend) to read it kind of straight, as information. It was only when I was well stuck into writing/publishing that I realized what now seems such an obvious truth — the author is usually the one who *composed* those simple, declarative, third-person bio sentences (duh). Not that there's anything wrong with that; though Seinfeld certainly demonstrated the farcical impact of a person talking about himself in the third person. But in the mini-bio, as a rule we don't hear a human voice talking, even metaphorically; we simply receive a written list of asserted accomplishments, often without asking who's telling me this and why.

Here's another thing I've discovered: accomplishments asserted may not be quite what they

seem. I shouldn't be so surprised, being a modestly seasoned editor myself. I'd say, by the by, that my editorial approach to a writer's work is one of respect (and hope that people I've edited have experienced it that way). Perhaps naively, I have never considered it my job to substantially change an author's words; in my view, if the work needs massive alteration, that's where rejection letters come in so handy. When editing, I first try to become sensitive to the writer's unique voice (via eurythmic dance, challenging sexual positions, trance-inducing drugs, whatever it takes), then encouraging alterations... but only when necessary to body forth her or his vision more accurately. A ton of self-delusion and/or suppressed aggression can come into play in such situations; they do tend to call up human nature at its humanest. Still I thought mine was the majority view (if not always practice) vis editing, so when I attended my first major publishing seminar (at the Banff Centre of Arts), whatever innocence I'd managed to retain was shattered by a shocking disclosure: the revelation of just how radically *edited* many of the tomes I'd read really were.

We participants were told of deep, secret, substantive editing, where scarcely a word remains unchanged. We heard of case after case where the editor, though modestly remaining invisible, has basically rewritten, sometimes even written the book. Never mind all those *soi-disant* professional writers; there is a secret world of anonymous, underpaid, exploited editors who are in a sense co-creators, at the very least, of all those books in your bedside table.

I was dismayed, but slowly came to accept the notion that sometimes a manuscript has a message that should get out there, yet lacks the skilled author to take it where it must go. You might have an inspirational life story, a deep understanding of Abyssinian cats, a truly bizarre disease, whatever, and

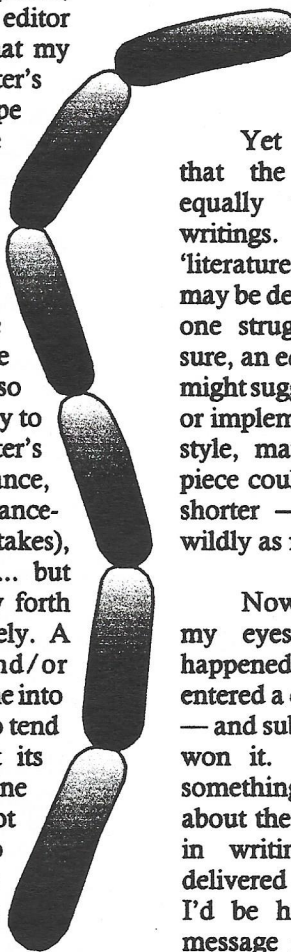
just need an editor to make your scattered *aperçus* into a book. I could see that.

Yet somehow I never dreamt that the principle might apply equally well to 'prize-winning' writings. Guess I thought that 'literature' — however variously it may be defined — was the product of one struggling artist's work. Oh sure, an editor at a literary magazine might suggest different paragraphing, or implement the house punctuation style, maybe even indicate that a piece could be considered if it were shorter — but that was about as wildly as my imagination ranged.

Now the scales have fallen from my eyes; and this is how it happened. In the fall of '98, I entered a creative non-fiction contest — and subsequently heard that I had won it. Yippee! Yet there was something oddly vague, vaporous, about the announcement. It wasn't in writing, for one thing, but delivered *viva voce* over the phone. I'd be hearing more shortly, the message ran. But, gosh, I was a winner, all giddy with self-approbation — what more was there to be heard?

As it turned out, there'd be plenty more — about two years worth. I had won, it seemed, but only if/when I edited the piece. Felt strange, to win a contest with a piece that still needed lots of work, but what did I know?

'How' was more my question. No problem, was the answer; I would be told how. I met with one editor, had a session with him wherein he told me what he liked and didn't in my story, and made suggestions that would, it seemed, remove two-thirds of it. Before I had pulled myself together enough to respond, I was informed that a more senior person had his own plans for my little prize petunia. So we met — his 'concerns' were considerably vaguer, but unmistakably different than those voiced by the previous suggestor. And his seniority suggested that his 'suggestions' should take precedence.





Eventually I produced another version, though feeling by now somewhat uncomfortable. Was I truly a winner, or mere sausage destined for some unknown casing? I submitted it to a deafening silence. Weeks, months passed with no response. My prize, perhaps needless to say, was nowhere to be seen — and without the 'free' subscription and honorarium, the narcissistic kick of publication, or any positive feedback, that Oscar Mayer feeling just got stronger and stronger.

Meanwhile life ground on. After some therapy and a few months of listening to my inner wienie, I went forth and submitted a different piece to a different magazine. No contest this time, just a submission. The response was somewhat enthusiastic, but ... could we meet to discuss editing? Troubled (and to think that once publication had seemed simple, a yes/no situation) but ever-submissive, I agreed. Over three lengthy sessions, several months, and multiple rewrites, I was encouraged to refashion my story, removing essay-like elements and making it more strongly and simply narrative. Eventually I wrote a version that satisfied the editor — only then to discover that he was not *the* editor but just *an* editor. The new version was handed up to *the* editor, who found it too narrative and wanted more of a discursive tone, including restoration of the elements that I had been explicitly instructed to excise.

To stop the madness (and avoid a murder rap) I pulled the story. But danger lurks everywhere for the ardent, frantically self-involved writer. In the same period I sold another piece to yet another 'literary' publication. Well, 'sold' it — the editor e-mailed to say how much it was worth and that "we'll take it with thanks... think it'll come out not next week but in the next three." A return, this seemed, to my quaint notion of cut'n'dried, yes/no editorial encounters. But "we'll take it" is such an ambiguous phrase ... it could mean anything. What it turned out to mean was — nine months later — no publication, no pay, no further

communication, and no response from that amiable editor to my carefully worded e-mails of inquiry. Oh baby, I thought, noting the gestational period of silence.

Then, two years after my original 'win' I heard back from one of the two editors I'd encountered earlier, at the first magazine mentioned above. Publication had been erratic, he explained, but now they were back on track, keen to print this year's winner *and* last year's winner, together in one massive winner's issue of the mag. But ... you guessed it, he had a few edits.

Torn between bitter laughter and that sinking sausage sensation, I said sure. His version arrived; he was excising certain parts, particularly, it seemed, those to do with nature and beauty. After two years, my appreciation of those aspects of life had waned; I could live with his edits, though the deletions required further rewriting to fix transitions. As well, though twenty-four months had passed as if in a dream, there was a hot rush now — they were going to print shortly, so I put all other work aside to get a draft that we would both find acceptable ready A.S.A.P.

After working late a few nights, I submitted it. Fine, he said — I had incorporated all his major suggestions and they would be going to print shortly. I allowed myself a sigh of relief — closure at last.

A week or so later, the phone rang — the *guest* editor, I was told, would be contacting me soon 'with a few suggestions.' They came as an e-mail attachment — eighty-eight (!) changes to my most recent four page version, and a request for my response *immediately*, as they were going to print tomorrow. I responded with a suggestion of my own, opining that this must be an error, as I had *already* done a rush edit in preparation for this print deadline. Then, with trembling fingers, I re-sent my most recent version. It came back in an hour with a modest style edit. I okayed it by e-mail, as requested.

Two days later (well after the putative print deadline, that is) another phone call — had I looked at the new version? Apparently they hadn't read my e-mail (though they'd requested it urgently and we'd been e-mailing back and forth up 'til then without incident). Anyway, over the phone I told them I had indeed okayed their newest new version, as requested, when I received it.

The next day, yet another call, this one from the original, non-guest editor — he had some edits to run by me, it seemed, they'd be coming by e-mail tomorrow morning. No mention of the (highly flexible) print deadline.

And that was almost a week ago... So far, nothing more has arrived, though I'm dead sure I heard some suspicious creaking on the front steps late last night. THEY're out there, so I've barricaded myself in, and of course no longer answer the phone. Why don't I just stop, you may ask: stop tickling the keyboard, stop sending stuff off, stop going on about it all? I don't *know* why — it's like living in a horror movie; you think the monster's dead, but then 'VLEEP... VLEEP... VLEEP...' Or maybe it's more like the Energizer Bunny's perverse liaison with a hotdog, whereof the grotesque offspring is a wiener that just keeps on going and going and going....



## Coda

In the midst of the above hijinks, I won another literary contest. The announcement was delivered in a nice letter on thick ivory paper; I was assured of publication in December (and shortly thereafter was even paid a handsome honorarium). And yet ... despite these reassuring occurrences, recent events have changed me; instead of swelling with prideful glee, I shuddered as I perused their seemingly friendly missive. What were they *getting* at, I asked myself — where was the hidden agenda?



Sure enough, there *was* a bizarre twist, a sinister, unexpected requirement, cunningly buried in paragraph three of the announcement letter: My winning story, however much I begged and pleaded, could not and would not and must not be edited. Not one word could be changed! Be afraid, gentle reader; be very, very afraid.

-written by Ryszard Dubanski  
-edited by Michèle E. Adams  
(whatever *that* means)



## NOTES & NOTICES

News of extended tuition freeze creates debate (released Oct.27,00)

Where are the feds in all of this?

On October 24, the British Columbia government announced the sixth year of a tuition freeze for students in BC's public colleges, university-colleges, universities and institutes. This news brought swift reaction from the *Vancouver Sun*, which argued that the freeze should be lifted. Provincial politicians, said the *Sun*, should consider nixing the tuition freeze and instead put more resources into improving institutions and the economy.

The *Sun* stated "a little more debt would be worth it for students if they could look forward to big enough paycheques after graduation day."

Statistics Canada reports that tuition fees across the country have increased by 125 per cent over the decade. Not in BC, where fees have risen by 45 per cent during the same period. Clearly we have a national problem that requires a national solution. As we are in the midst of a federal election, CIEA took the time to respond to the *Vancouver Sun*.

What follows is the original version of a letter that was published in the *Vancouver Sun* Oct. 27, 00:

I am writing in response to your October 26 editorial on the tuition freeze. As we are in the midst of a federal election I thought it important to point out the effect of federal transfer payment cuts for post-secondary education.

The problem we face in BC, and elsewhere in Canada, is that we have a federal government providing the lowest level of investment in post-secondary education in more than 30 years. Our colleges, university-colleges, institutes and universities are feeling the effects. Your editorial rightly points out that we have crumbling infrastructure and more student demand than we can meet. But why, when we have a federal government that is in the enviable position of finding ways to spend its billions in budget surplus, does the *Vancouver Sun* suggest that the answer is to pursue a policy of increasing tuition and student debt?

The BC government has led the country in terms of meaningful access policies for students — with little federal support. Don't let the federal government off the hook so easily in this critical debate about student access.

-Maureen Shaw  
President, CIEA

CAUT news release regarding the Liberal platform

The platform document does not contain many surprises. All references to increased transfer funding are done in the context of new health care funding. Our concerns about a lack of core support for institutions remains.

One element of the platform is called "connecting Canadians," where the liberals commit to assisting Canadians to get wired. For post-secondary education institutions an infusion of core funding, which includes support for information and educational technology, is what is needed.

New in the Liberal platform document is a commitment to create "Registered Individual Learning Accounts" — like Registered Education Savings Plans.

The Liberals propose a top-up of savings for people with low and modest incomes. Funds can be used for courses at public or private-sector training institutions as long as they are licensed by a provincial government. The same critique that CIEA has put forward of the federal Skills Development Employment Benefit (what used to be called Skills, Loans and Grants) applies here, except that this scheme will be largely self-financed. Thus when individuals sign up for a class that does not deliver what it was supposed to they will have spent some of their savings rather than a government training grant. (The full platform available: [www.liberal.ca](http://www.liberal.ca).)

A Saturnalian Recipe  
for Your Seasonal Frolicks, from

*Comforts & Joy* — the official  
UCFV Cookbook\*

Peasant Caviar  
(paradoxically delicious)

2 large eggplants  
5 garlic cloves  
salt & pepper to taste  
2 tps/10 ml soy sauce  
1/3 cup/80 ml olive oil  
3 canned Italian plum tomatoes  
1/3 cup/80 ml chopped parsley

Preheat oven to 350F/175C. Halve eggplants and make 3 or 4 slits in each; don't pierce skin. Peel cloves and slice into slivers; insert slivers into slits, sprinkle eggplants with salt, and bake on cookie sheet 1 hour.

When done, remove from oven and cool. Then scrape flesh and garlic into food processor, add salt/pepper, soy sauce, olive oil, tomato, and parsley. Pulse briefly to combine.

Place mixture in serving dish, cover, and chill overnight. Serve with Paris toasts, sliced baguette, crackers, etc.

\*available at the UCFV Bookstore